

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

AUGUST
No. 52

COMICS 10¢

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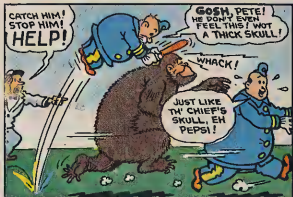
BLACKHAWK
BATTLES
The VULTURE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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BLACKHAWK



An interview with a high official of the international committee for world peace and honor...

THEY TELL ME YOU HAVE A LITTLE JOB FOR ME, SIR!

A BIG JOB, BLACKHAWK! EVEN FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS!

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE VULTURE -- THE OUTLAW TYRANT OF THE DESERT!

A LITTLE! I'VE ALWAYS HOPED FOR SOME TIME OFF TO HUNT HIM UP AND --

YOUR HOPE IS GRANTED! THE MAN MUST BE STOPPED -- AND THE SOONER, THE BETTER!

THANKS! COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER ASSIGNMENT! WHAT INFORMATION IS AVAILABLE?

FOR YEARS, WHILE THE FREE NATIONS WERE BUSY DEFENDING THEMSELVES, HE BUILT UP POWER IN THE TRACKLESS DESERT... RAIDED CARAVANS, DESTROYED TOWNS, TERRORIZED WHOLE TRIBES!

NOW THAT WE CAN PAY ATTENTION TO HIM, HE'S PREPARED FOR A BLOODY LAST STAND IN THOSE DESERTS WHICH HE ALONE KNOWS!

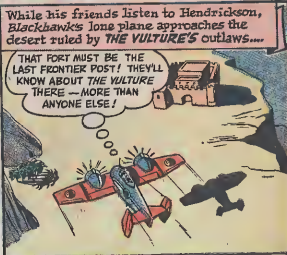
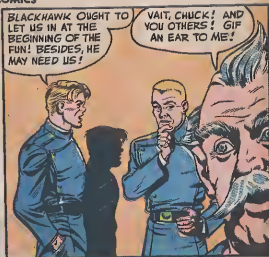
THE SOONER I GET TO HIM, THE BETTER! GOOD AFTERNOON!

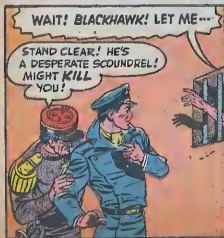
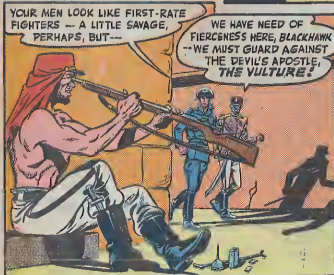
So... later... on Blackhawk Island...

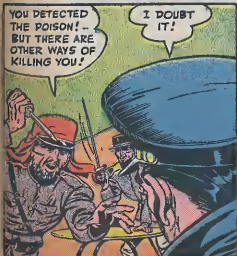
ZE PLANES ARE READY -- AND SO ARE WE! EN AVANT -- WHEN DO WE START?

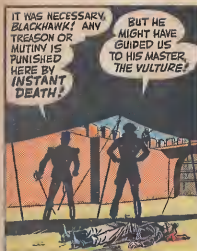
NOT UNTIL I SEND FOR YOU! BECAUSE --

I'M SCOUTING THE VULTURE'S POSITION ALONE! HE MUSTN'T KNOW OUR FULL STRENGTH UNTIL WE'RE READY TO STRIKE! WAIT HERE!



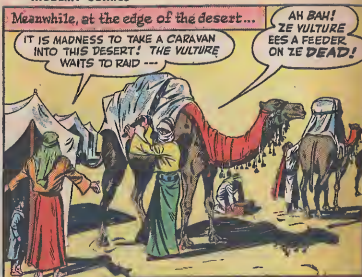






IT WAS NECESSARY, BLACKHAWK! ANY TREASON OR MUTINY IS PUNISHED HERE BY INSTANT DEATH!

BUT HE MIGHT HAVE GUIDED US TO HIS MASTER, THE VULTURE!



Meanwhile, at the edge of the desert...

IT IS MADNESS TO TAKE A CARAVAN INTO THIS DESERT! THE VULTURE WAITS TO RAID ---

AH BAH! ZE VULTURE EES A FEEDER ON ZE DEAD!



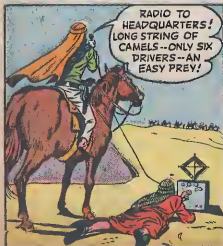
AND WE ARE VERY MUCH ALIVE, OUI! EN AVANT, MES AMIS -- FORWARD!

MADNESS. I SAY!



ZE OLD MAN CONFIRMED YOUR PLAN, HENDRICKSON!

YAH! THE VULTURE IS DRAWN TO EVERY HELPLESS TRAVELLER! MAYBE WE FIND HIM BEFORE BLACKHAWK!



RADIO TO HEADQUARTERS! LONG STRING OF CAMELS--ONLY SIX DRIVERS--AN EASY PREY!



While, at the fort ---

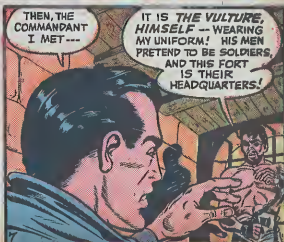
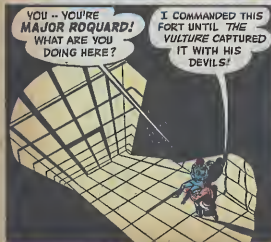
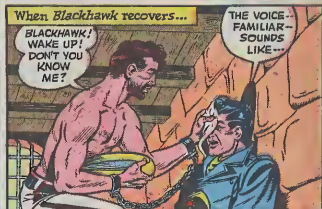
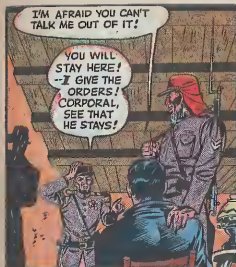
I MUST GO, BLACKHAWK! THERE IS WORD OF A LUCKLESS CARAVAN BEING ATTACKED!

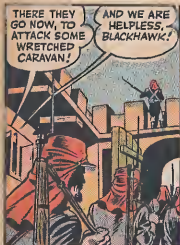
I'LL GO WITH YOU!



BUT IT WILL BE HIGHLY DANGEROUS---

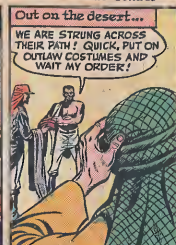
DANGER'S MY BUSINESS! I INSIST!





THERE THEY GO NOW, TO ATTACK SOME WRETCHED CARAVAN!

AND WE ARE HELPLESS, BLACKHAWK!

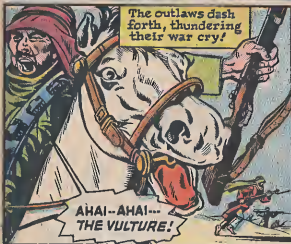


Out on the desert...

WE ARE STRUNG ACROSS THEIR PATH! QUICK, PUT ON OUTLAW COSTUMES AND WAIT MY ORDER!



READY! ATTACK THEM!



The outlaws dash forth, thundering their war cry!

AHAI-AHAI... THE VULTURE!



But another war cry is their answer!

HAWKAAAAA!

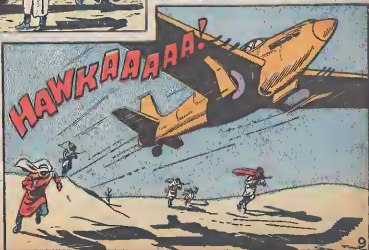
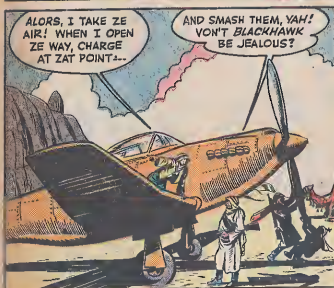
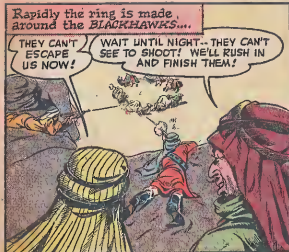


MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT, MES AMIS!

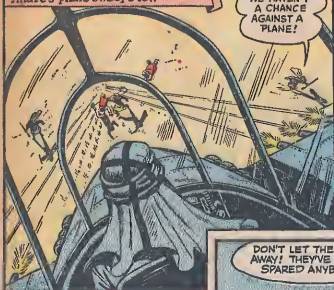


THEY'RE DEAD SHOTS -- WE CAN'T MAKE A FRONTAL ATTACK!

THEN SURROUND THEM!



Where the outlaws are thickest,
Andre's plane swoops low ---



WE HAVEN'T
A CHANCE
AGAINST A
PLANE!

YUMP IN AND
YUGGLE
THEM!

THE OLD
BLACKHAWK
TECHNIQUE!



DON'T LET THEM GET
AWAY! THEY'VE NEVER
SPARED ANYBODY!



I HEARD THEM!
THEY'RE THE
BLACK-
HAWKS!

ALL WHO CAN GET
AWAY -- RETREAT
TO THE FORT!

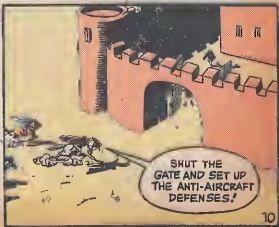


SHALL WE TURN
BACK AND HELP
THE DISMOUNTED
ONES?

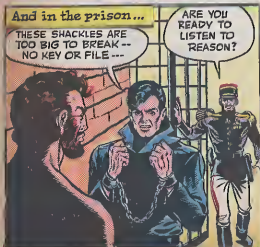
NO! DON'T BE A
FOOL --- TRY TO
REACH SAFETY!

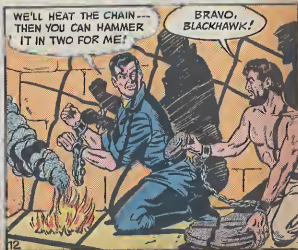
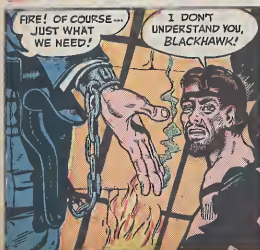
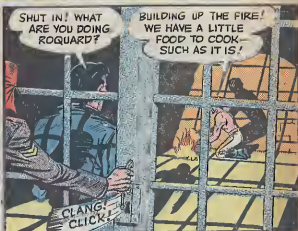


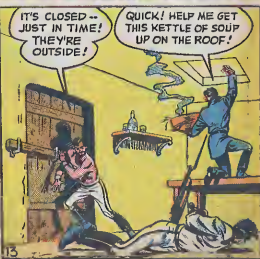
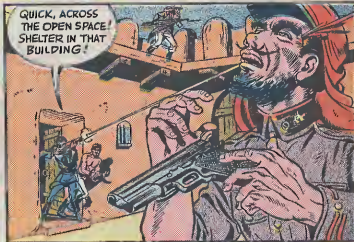
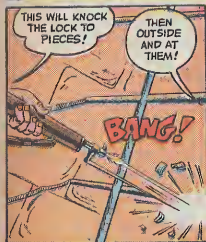
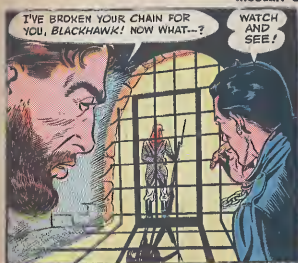
SHUT THE
GATE AND SET UP
THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT
DEFENSES!

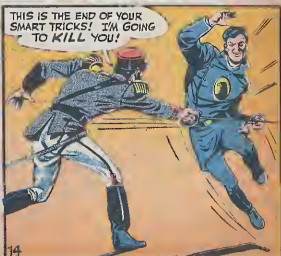
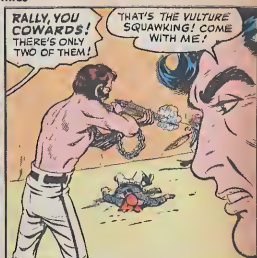
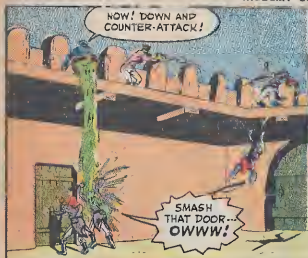


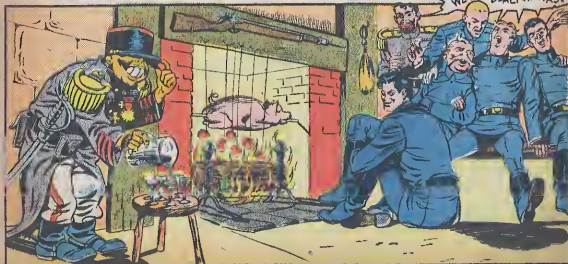
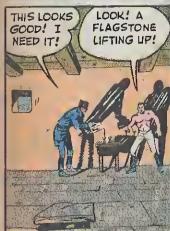
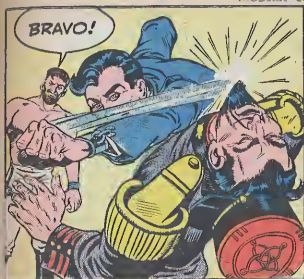
As the Blackhawks come close to the walls...

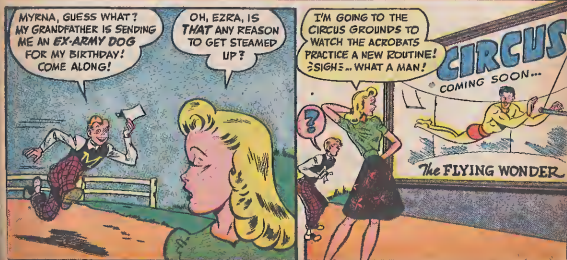


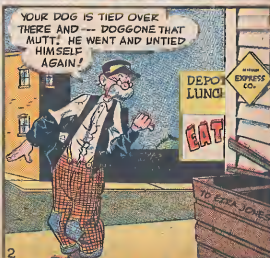
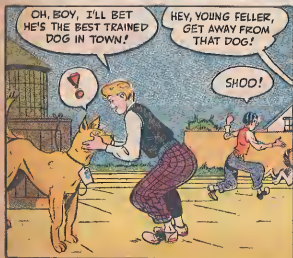
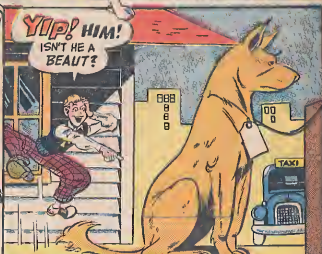
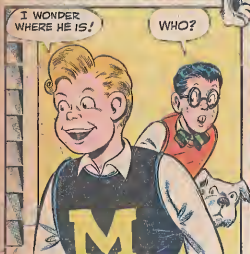
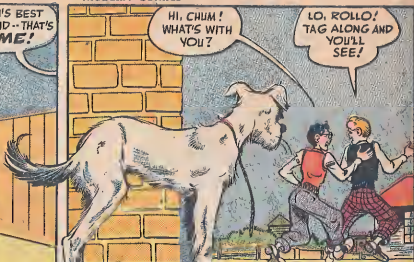


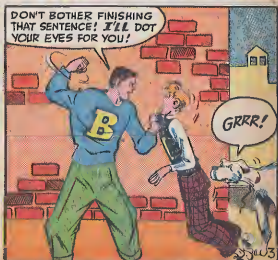
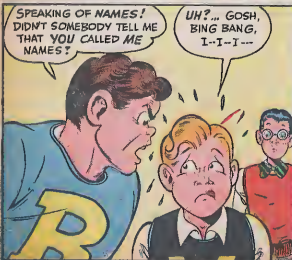
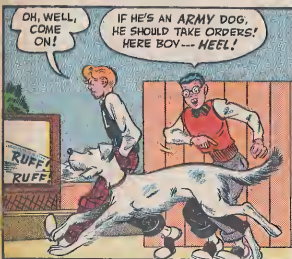
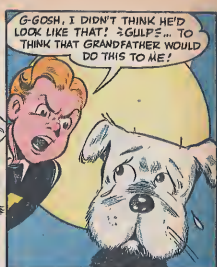
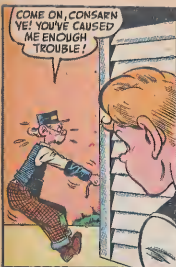


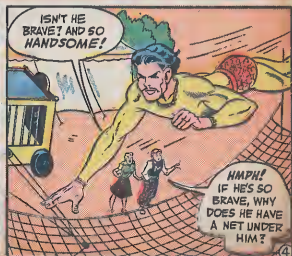
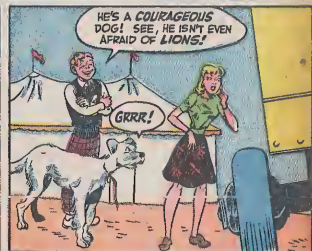


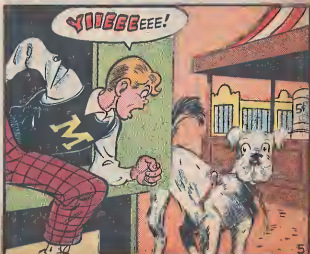
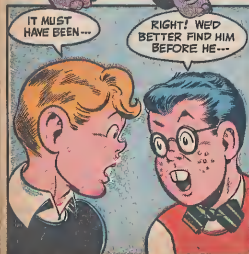
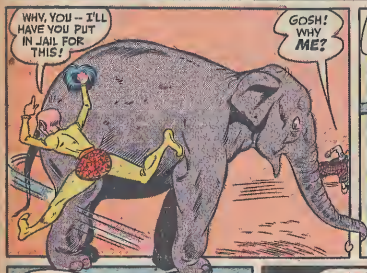
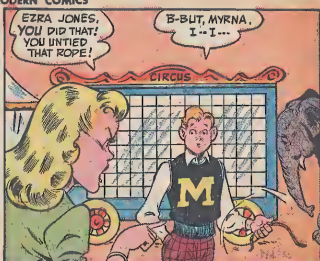
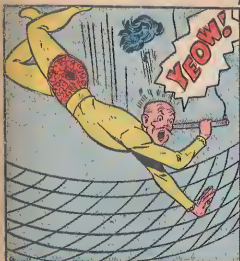


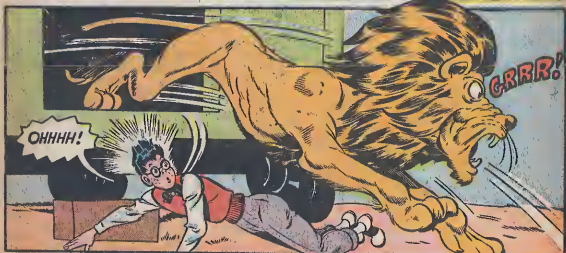
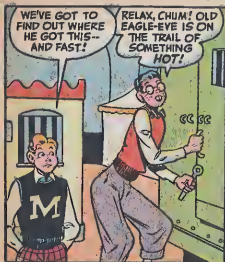


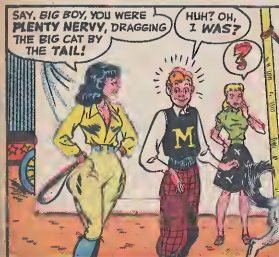
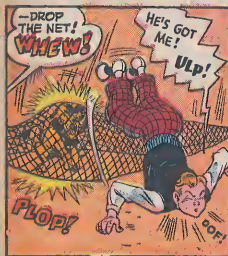


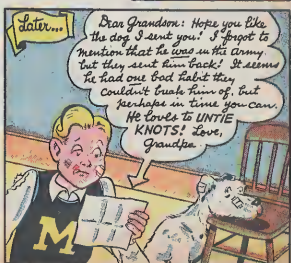
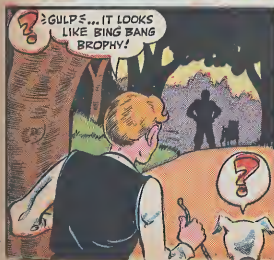
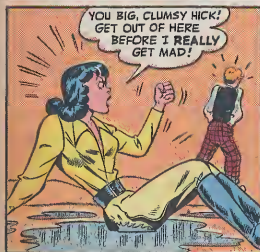
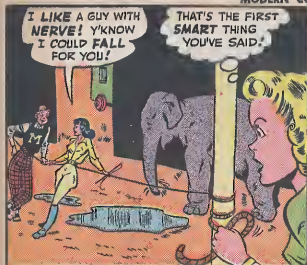






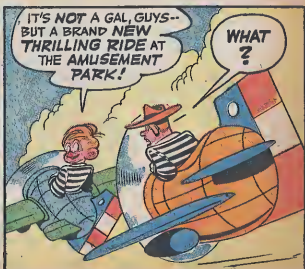
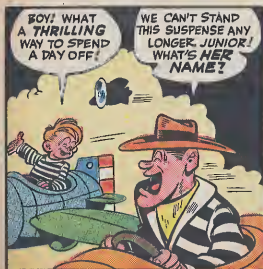


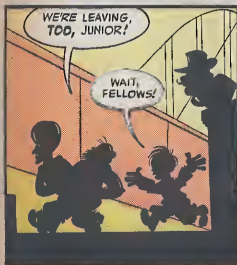
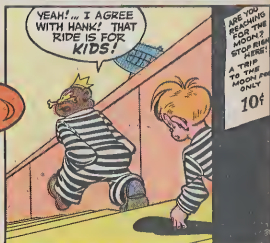
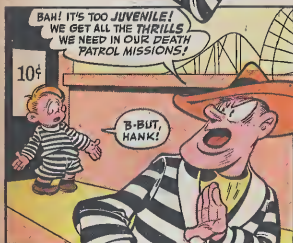
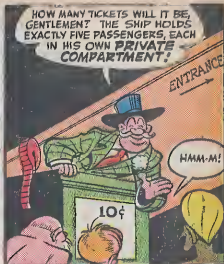
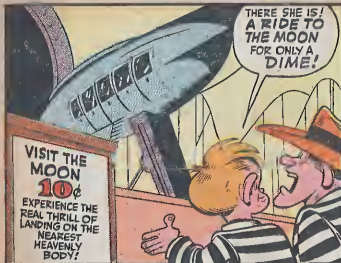




MODERN COMICS

DEATH PATROL





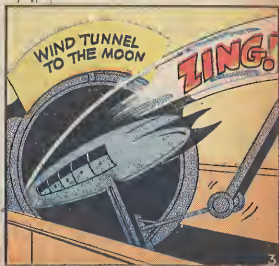


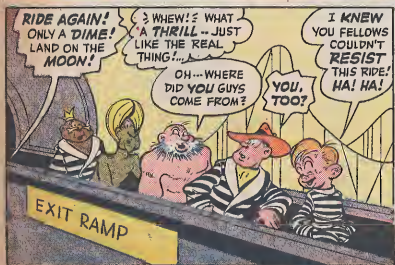
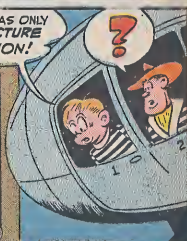
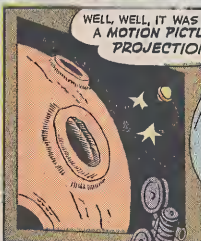
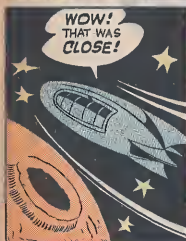
SURE!



YES, SIR!

10¢





Will Bragg

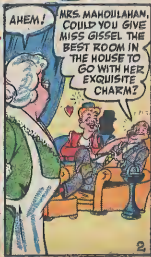
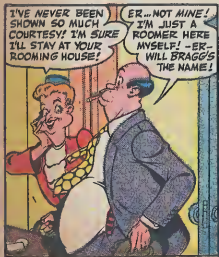
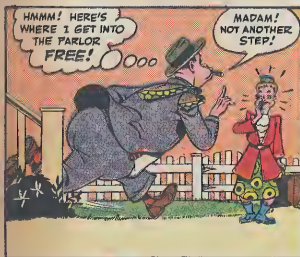
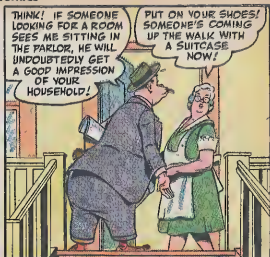
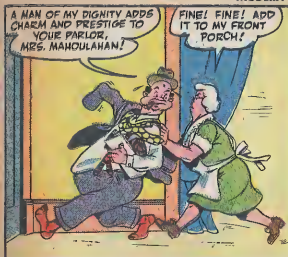
by Paul Gustavson

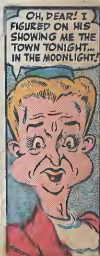
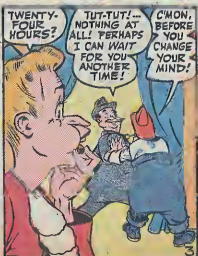
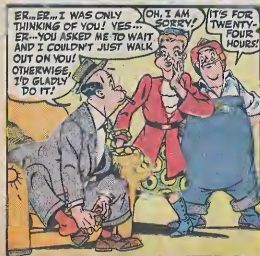
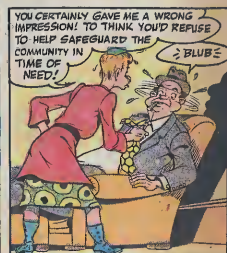
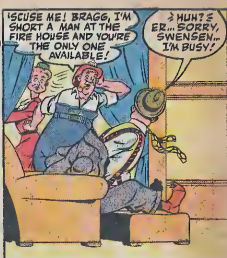
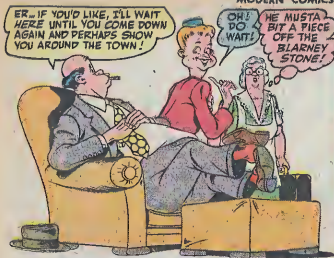
WILL BRAGG!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I
TELL YOU THAT IF YOU WANT
TO USE THE PARLOR,
IT'LL COST YOU TWO
DOLLARS EXTRA?

YES,
MRS. MAHOULAHAN!
I JUST STOPPED TO
TIE MY
SHOELACE!

MUST YOU BE SO
MERCENARY? YOU'RE SURELY
ENOUGH OF A BUSINESS WOMAN
TO SEE THAT MY SITTING IN YOUR
PARLOR IS AN ASSET TO
YOUR ESTABLISHMENT!

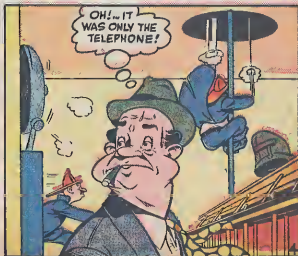
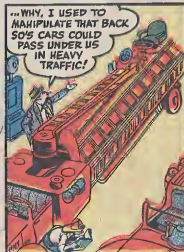
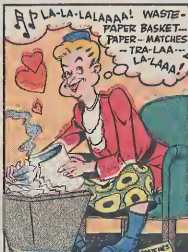
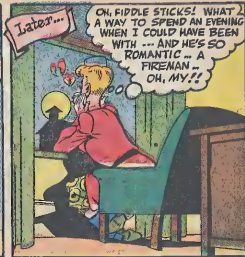


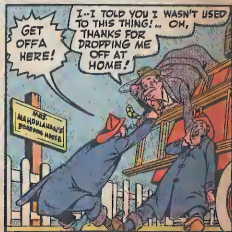
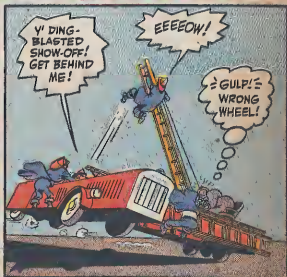
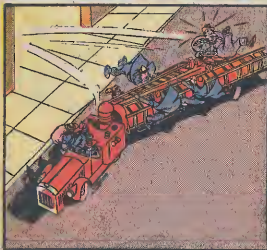
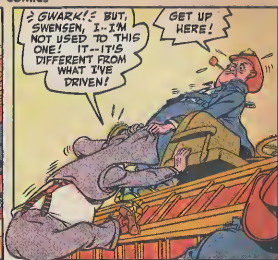
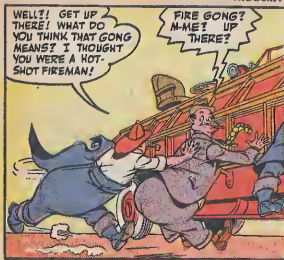


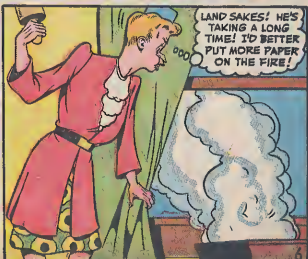
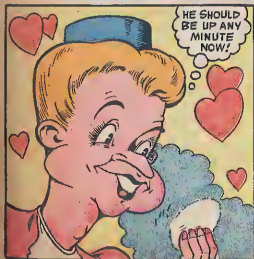
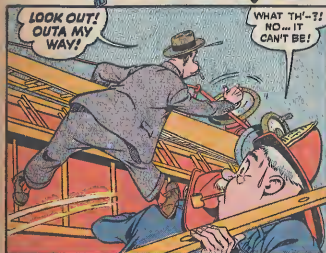
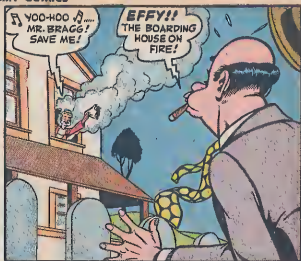


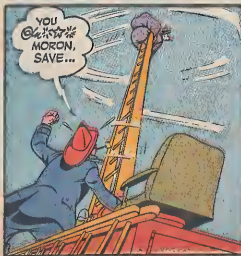
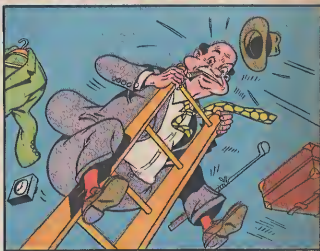
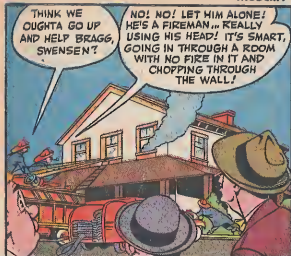


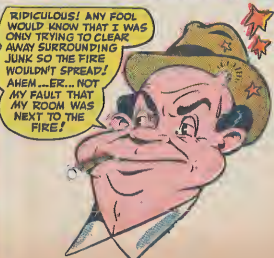
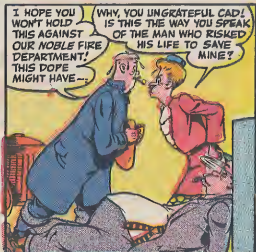
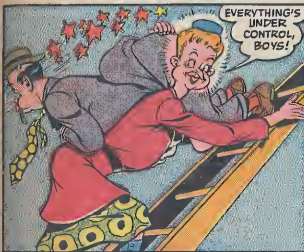
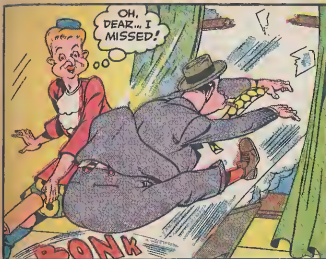
IF YOU HADN'T BLOWN IN, I'D BE SITTING IN THE PARLOR INSTEAD OF YOUR FIRE HOUSE!

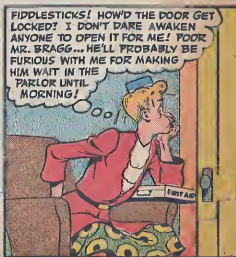
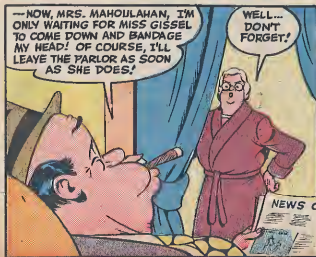
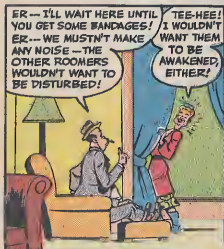
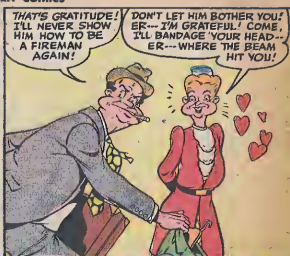
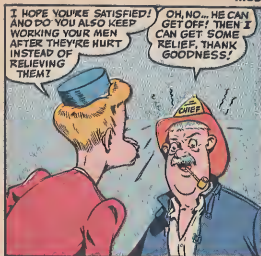




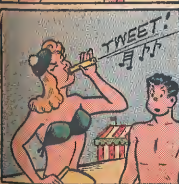
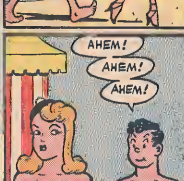
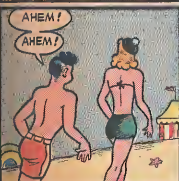
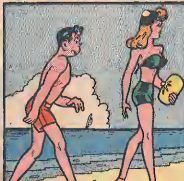
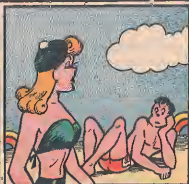
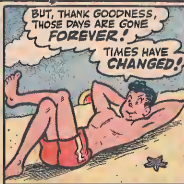








JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



CURSE of the MAYANS

"TREASURE?" said Brant.

"Surely. Why not?" Carlton looked, up grinning.

"Where do you propose to find this treasure?"

Carlton filled his pipe slowly. "Right here, in Yucutan. Good gosh, Brant, haven't you heard about the vast hordes of gold those ancient Mayas hid away in odd places? The country reeks with the stuff!"

Brant chuckled. "I've heard about treasure being hidden away in every corner of the world, by pirates, by churches, by all sorts of people. Why here, any more than some place else?"

"I happen to know," replied Carlton, "a whole lot about Mayan history, especially as it applies to this country. I know where there is a hidden treasure!"

"You know!" exclaimed Brant. "Oh, if you know, then why don't we go after it?"

Carlton nodded, knocking the dottle out of his pipe. "I've every intention of it. But what about the others?"

"Meaning Hammond and Gates?"

"Yes," said Carlton. "Do we take them in?"

Brant chuckled. "Well, they own this ranch. We're their guests. I suppose it's the decent thing to do."

Carlton got to his feet. "Come on then. Let's feed 'em out."

Brant and Carlton had come to Yucutan to take movies of ancient Mayan ruins for a motion picture company. It had so happened that Carlton, who was something of a doctor, had saved an old Indian's life a week or so before, while they were afield. The Indian had given his benefactor an ancient map showing where early Mayans had stored a lot of ceremonial treasure. Carlton had said nothing to Brant, feeling his way before making the announcement.

So now Brant knew. Carlton had wondered if Brant, apparently more interested in shooting a camera than in eating, would be vitally intrigued. Brant seemed to be. But what about their hosts, owners of the big ranch upon which they were making headquarters?

Both Hammond and Gates were long-time residents of Yucutan, friendly with all the natives.

They were making money from the soil. Would they be interested in making some easy money?

Hammond said, when Carlton placed his cards on the table, "I don't know. Frankly, gentlemen, I never like to interfere with native superstitions. That treasure map you have—I suppose it's authentic; it looks like a Mayan document. But I'm a little leary—"

Gates broke in with, "I don't like the idea, Ham. We're in solid down here. If we were to do something that made the Indians sore, we'd have a lot of trouble. I say lay off."

Hammond studied the old skin map. "It's genuine, all right. And it's like an aged Indian to give a valuable thing away to one who saved his life. But, like Gates says, it's playing with fire to tamper with sacred treasure in this country."

Carlton permitted a frown to cross his brow. "Then I am to understand that you gentlemen aren't interested?" he asked.

"I wouldn't go that far," replied Hammond. "I am plenty interested in making an easy penny. So is Gates. But it's the consequences that might arise out of such an expedition."

"Well, Brant and I are going," Carlton told him. "We have no axe to grind down here."

"I think we'd best go along," said Gates. "It may work out. We'd have to be very careful, that's all."

So it was settled. And a few days later the little expedition was fitted out and ready for departure. The lake mentioned in the map was a good 200 kilometers away, over rough country and through some extremely ugly jungle.

But at length they got off, riding small bush mules. Two Indian guides, whom Hammond and Gates said could be trusted, went ahead on foot.

For several days they traveled slowly over bad terrain. Then they entered the jungle. Now the going was really tough! They had to hack much of the way with their machetes, leading the mules. The overhang of thick branches allowed no sunlight to penetrate to the jungle floor. It was moist and in many places swampy. Snags and roots constantly tripped them. Giant vines and creepers whipped at them. Mosquitoes bigger than Thunderbolts plagued them. There were snakes and giant

lizards. Loud-mouthed birds shrilled everywhere.

Everybody was in a ragged temper when they broke through the jungle. But a fairly level expanse of firm earth soon put them back in good cheer. Anticipation drove them hurriedly along. Treasure! Hidden gold of the ancients! It has ever been a magnet for men. A magnet and a deadly thing!

They had seen only a handful of natives on the way. But that didn't convince Hammond and Gates that they weren't being followed every step of the way. The Indians were cagey and clever—and curious.

At last they came to the shore of a lovely little lake surrounded by brown hills. It was shrouded in a heavy cloud of mist, and its farther shores were lost to view. They pitched camp and prepared to feast their eyes on what the map said was out there in its middle.

At last, toward noon, the mists lifted under the impact of the hot sun, and Carlton gasped. "Look!" he cried, pointing.

Out in the lake a quarter-mile towered a spindly tower made of rock. On its top glittered a golden diadem of some ancient workmanship.

The Temple of the Sun! The map had not lied. "Boys," cried Carlton, "this is it! We're rich!" Hammond held out a steady hand. "Not so fast, Carlton. This is the temple, right enough, but we haven't seen any treasure as yet."

"But we will!" exclaimed the irrepressible Carlton.

It was rather late to do any exploring at this time, so they decided to postpone it till the following morning.

That night they had visitors. Ghostly visitors. Upon waking, Brant found an arrow sticking in a packing case. Attached to it was a note, scratched on a bit of skin. He hurried to Hammond with his find. "What does it say?"

Hammond studied the note. He shook his head. "It's a warning," he replied. "A warning for us to keep away from that temple. It says death will befall anyone who enters the temple."

Everyone was astir by now. "Rot!" sneered Carlton. "Native superstition. Well, it's not going to keep me away!"

Hammond and Gates were worried. They backed out at last, saying that if there were any treasure, they would not be interested.

"Okay," snapped Carlton. "You're plain nuts, is all I have to say. Come on, Brant."

They set up the folding canoe and both men

got aboard and began paddling toward the gleaming temple. When they had pulled the craft up on a narrow shelf of sand, and disappeared inside the low door plainly visible, an old Indian stepped out of a clump of brush and approached Hammond and Gates. He held up his hand in a friendly gesture, and began speaking in Mayan.

"It is well," he said, "that my friends do not follow where those two men go. They will die. It is written. The Temple of the Sun is sacred. It must not be violated. They go to their deaths!"

Both Hammond and Gates understood the language.

"How will they die?" asked Gates.

"Only the gods know that," replied the Indian.

"But they will die. Wait!" He glided away and soon vanished.

Hammond said, "I don't like it. Not a bit. Wish we hadn't been so foolish."

"Yeah," Gates replied. "Superstition or not, it is bad. I hope nothing happens——"

A hail from the temple brought them whirling around. Brant stood on the small parapet, waving something. Then he got into the canoe and began paddling toward them.

"Gold!" he shouted as he came ashore. He held up a heavy goblet. It gleamed in the sun. Pure gold!

"You chaps better reconsider," he told the two men. "Carlton is back there collecting a sackful of jewels. Why, man, there is a fortune in that old temple basement."

The earthquake struck then. The ground rocked and heaved and undulated as if a giant reptile were crawling under it. The temple in the lake swayed and then with a mighty roar, toppled into the water and all traces of it vanished.

"Carlton!" cried Hammond. "He must have been crushed under that mass of rock."

No one said anything for a moment. The lake water now lay peacefully. The quake had passed. They knew Carlton had died.

On the way back through the jungle, Brant caught a violent fever. They had just reached the ranch by easy stages when Brant died. The same old Indian appeared as if by magic as they were heading for the ranch. He smiled.

"My friends, is it not as I said? The gods have destroyed both men. I am glad that my friends refused to enter the temple."

Hammond and Gates wiped the sweat from their faces. They were glad, too.

CHOO CHOO

SEE, CHERRY, WHEN
I SAID MY SCHOOL WOULD
TEACH ALL KINDS OF
DANCING, I
MEANT IT!



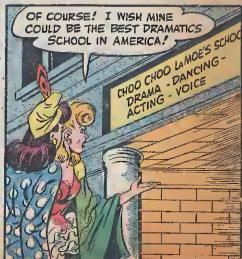
HI, CHERRY! COME
ALONG AND LOOK IN
ON MY NEW
SCHOOL!

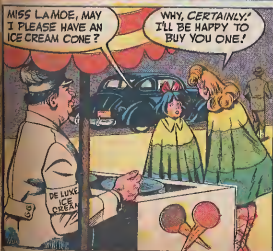
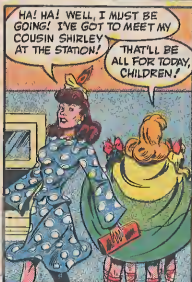
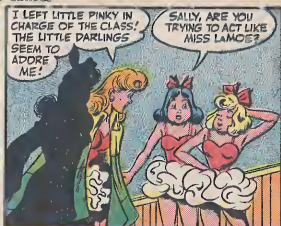
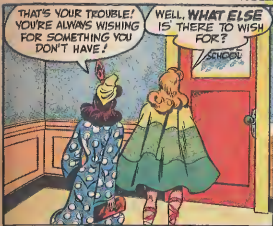
WHY, CHOO CHOO, I DIDN'T THINK
YOU'D GO AHEAD WITH IT AFTER
YOU GOT THE LEAD IN
THAT NEW
SHOW!

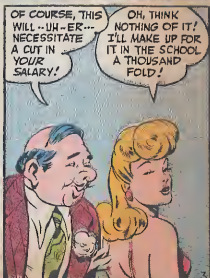
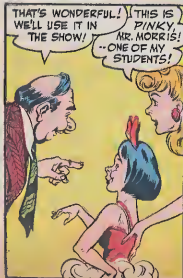
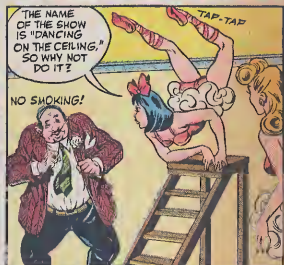
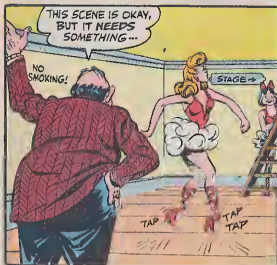
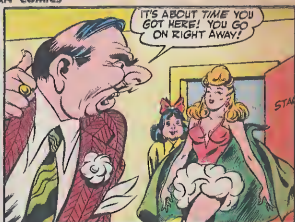
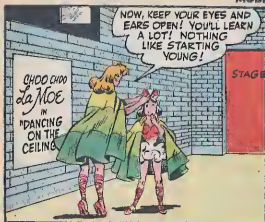


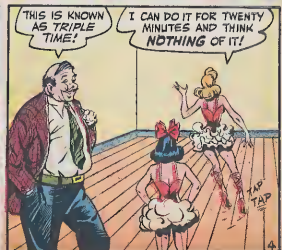
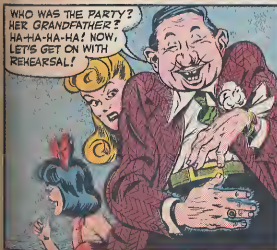
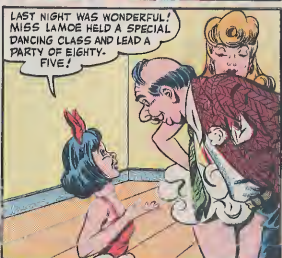
OF COURSE! I WISH MINE
COULD BE THE BEST DRAMATICS
SCHOOL IN AMERICA!

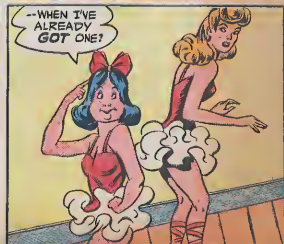
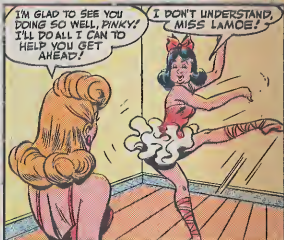
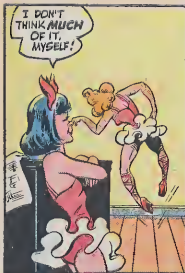
CHOO CHOO LAMOE'S SCHOOL
DRAMA - DANCING -
ACTING - VOICE

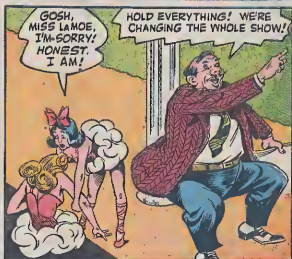
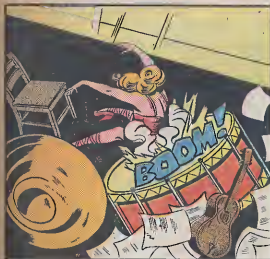
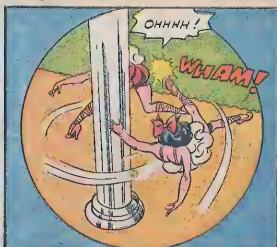
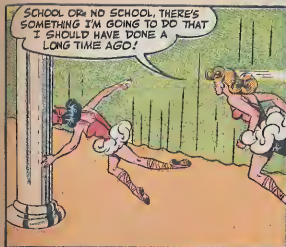


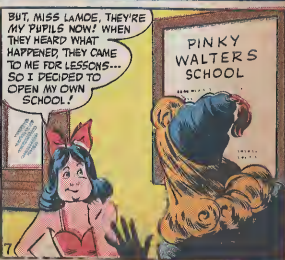
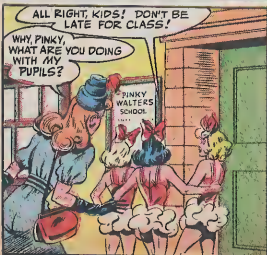
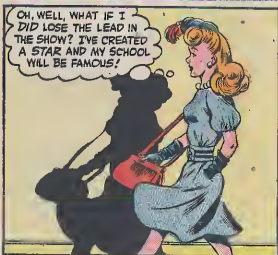
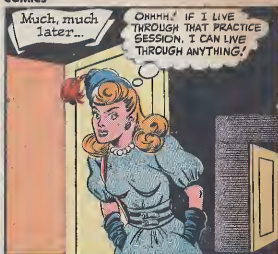
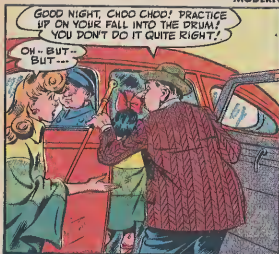


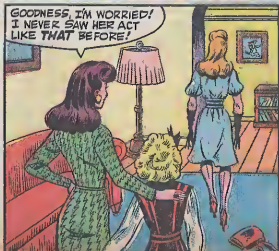
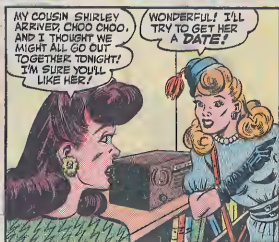
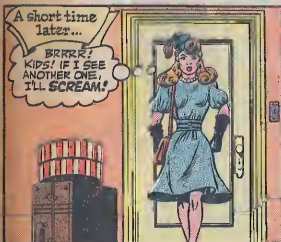
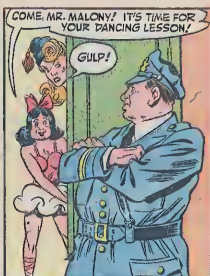












DOGTAG

AND, FURTHERMORE,
THIS VACUUM CLEANER'LL DO
MANY THINGS THAT OTHER
VACUUM CLEANERS
CAN'T DO!

Once the
world's dumbest
soldier, Ex-Private
Dogtag now
unintentionally
does his best to
achieve the
same record as
a civilian!

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

by
BART
TUNEY

A WOLD FULL OF JEWELS WAITIN'
TO FIND ITS WAY INTO OUR POCKETS ...
AND INSTEAD OF INVENTIN'
SOMETHIN' TO SHOW THEM
THE WAY YOU'RE
BUILDIN' VACUUM
CLEANERS!

BRAINS, AS A SCIENTIST WHO
IS ALSO A CROOK, YOU ARE A
GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT
TO ME!

OGGIE, YOU JUMP
TO CONCLUSIONS --
AND YOU HAVE NO
IMAGINATION!

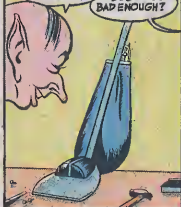
MODERN COMICS

THEREFORE, I WILL NOT WASTE TIME BY TRYING TO EXPLAIN THINGS TO YOU, BUT IF YOU WILL DO AS I SAY, YOU WILL BE THE RICHER FOR IT!



THERE! IT'S FINISHED! NOW WE'LL GET A DUMB SALESMAN TO SELL IT!

WHAT? AIN'T A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS BAD ENOUGH?

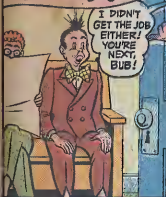


OGGIE, YOU DO ME AN INJUSTICE! PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER AND ALL WILL BECOME CLEAR!

IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL GO BACK TO SIMPLE HOIST JOBS WITH AN OCCASIONAL PURSE SNATCHIN'!



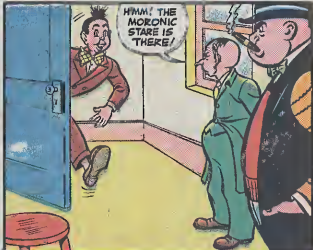
A want ad for a salesman brings numerous applicants -- and among them is Ex-Private Dogtag --



I DIDN'T GET THE JOB EITHER! YOU'RE NEXT, BUB!



HMM! THE MORONIC STARE IS THERE!

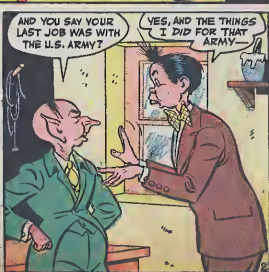


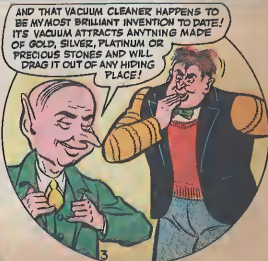
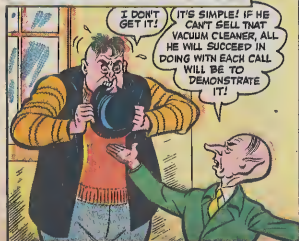
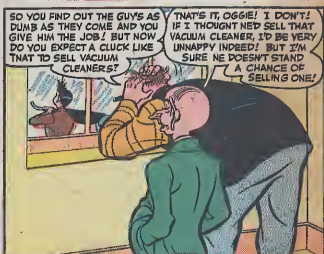
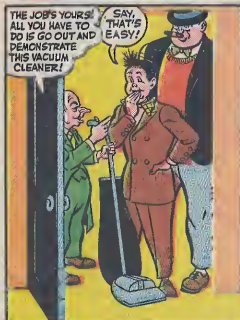
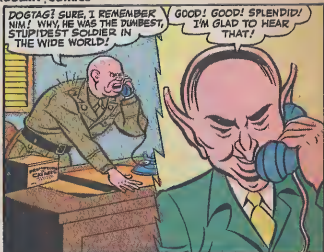
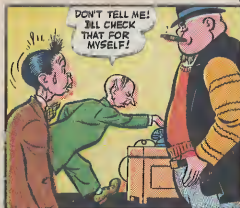
AND THE UNDERDEVELOPED SKULL!

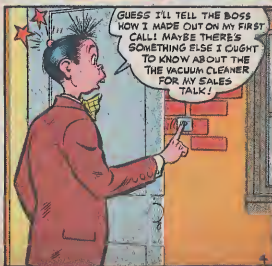
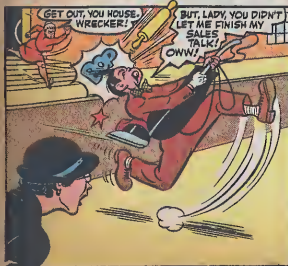
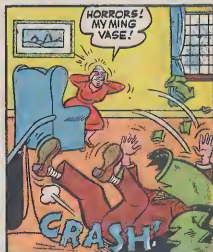
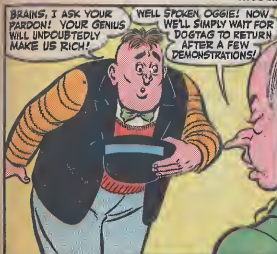


AND YOU SAY YOUR LAST JOB WAS WITH THE U.S. ARMY?

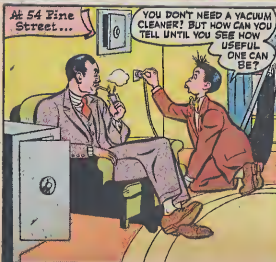
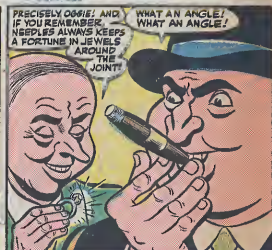
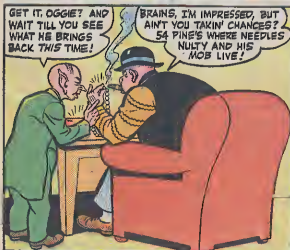
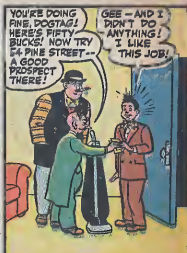
YES, AND THE THINGS I DID FOR THAT ARMY --

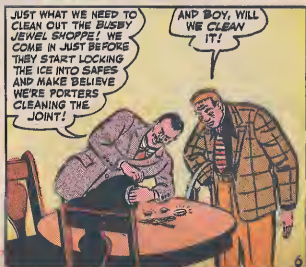
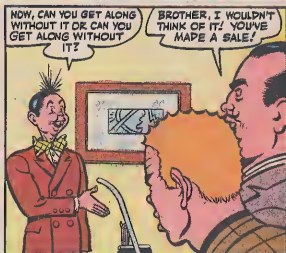
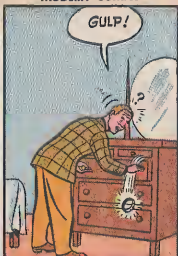
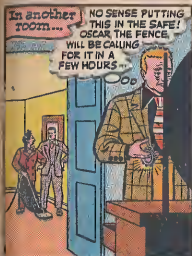


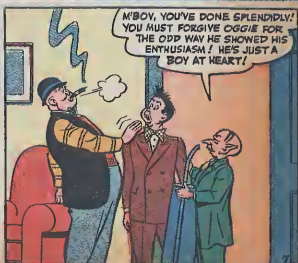
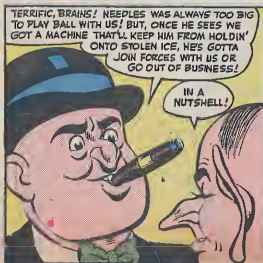
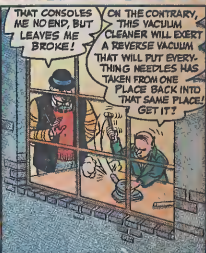
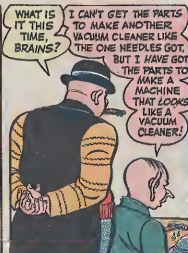
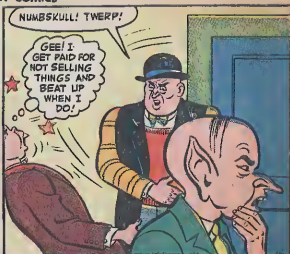
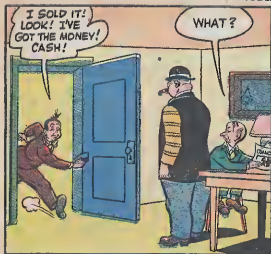


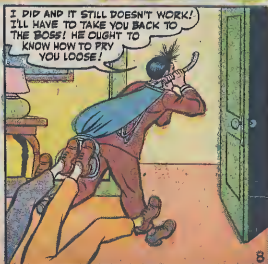
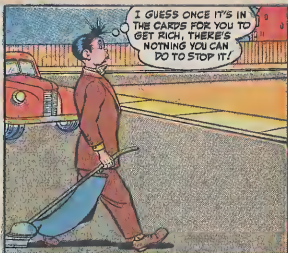


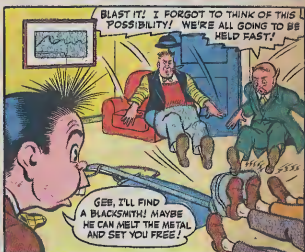
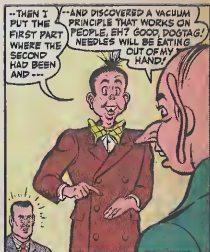
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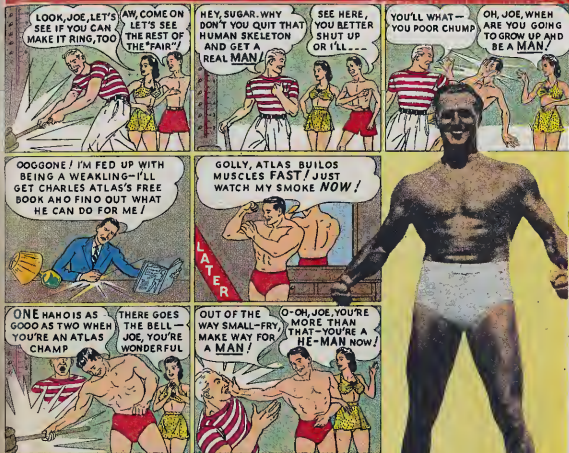








The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger boulder fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of (achieved with red-blooded vitality!)

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension." Does it! Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Developing Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and his muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

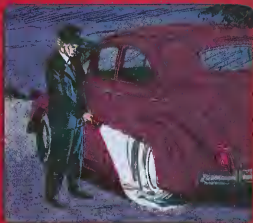
Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT—

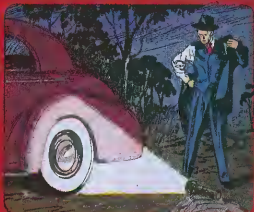
More Quickly—More Safely!



1 Most any moment can change a day. But few can change it as night with top speed, efficiency—and safety! Night time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



2 Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a straight stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 300 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-light!



3 Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed together, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare before jacking up the car. Removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a turn in convenient position.

4 In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in more flashlights than any other battery in the world!

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30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide **UCC** and Carbon Corporation

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EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK



For
**EXTRA POWER,
EXTRA LIGHT
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**